

CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 2,771.

OWEN & MOORE

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To Country Merchants and Country Physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought anywhere. We solicit the

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which we can deliver during September at Summer prices. We will be pleased to receive your orders.

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General Insurance Agents,

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We represent a fine line of the strongest foreign and American companies:

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Insurance entrusted to us shall receive careful and prompt attention. A
re of your business respectfully solicited.

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A MODEL COLORED WEDDING.

Parson Widemout's Peculiar Manner of Tying the Knot.

It was a small, but select assemblage that gathered in the meeting house at Crow Hill quarters to see Parson Widemout marry Parshashus Hazelnut and Miss Creamertarter Sponge, colored. The parson advanced to the candidates. In his hands the matrimonial ceremony was something more than a adaption of hackneyed forms; it was the discharging of an obligation which not only justified, but demanded a fatherly familiarity and painstaking research. Upon this, as upon many a similar occasion, his incisive genius probed the cold conventionalities, and at the end of the ceremony made the bride and the groom intimately acquainted with the character of each other.

Addressing his attention the groom, the parson unceremoniously began:

Parshashus! Does yo' take Creamertarter to be yo' wedded wife?

Ef de law's 'greable, yes sah! was the answer.

Am yer 'vised, Parshashus, dat she plays de concertina whilst her mudder blame de gal for habbin' mo' lub for moose dan for soapuds.

Co'se not, Parshashus, but am yer war' ob de fac dat she'm a member ob de Crow Holler Debatin' s'ciety an' de Krischin Wimmis' Go's-ye-please Fraternity?

I's hearn roomers er de same, parson, but I's a chowder mem'er ob de Keyhole Refo'm club myse'f, an' dem little ipysodes hain't scar'in' me a bit.

But looker yer, Parshashus, is yer 'quainted wid de geology ob de family 'nough to know dat all her aunt's sisters on her mudder's side manage ter 'scot' four or five husban's froo dis wale er tears befo' dey fotch up wid deir own allyby?

I is, parson. I got dem fac's in Creamertarter's stiffyeat er h'eit.

An' nebbesobber darfo' widout any fear of convulsions er de secon' part yo' take dis 'ooman to'r yer spons', hoping dat she'll tu'r ob better dan de skedyle, but prayin', all de same, dat ef she tu'n's out was dat de Lawd 'll gib yo' strenk ter b'ar de calamus?

I does, parson, per bonum publicus, as de constitution ob de United States say.

The parson, turning aside, was heard to murmur: My, my! Ef I was a mason an' quired san'ter buil' a church I'd go ter Parshashus. Then stopping a moment to adjust his spectacles for a new trip down their natural tobeggon slide, addressed himself to the expectant bride:

Creamertarter, said he, does yo' take Parshashus ter be yo' wedded husban'?

I does, parson, she replied.

Ter, hab an' ter hol' de same not-standin' de fac' dat ef he tuk dat wig off yo'd git de notion yo' wuz marryin' a aigplant?

Not standin' dat, parson, was the response.

An ef yo' knowed de trufe dat Parshashus had been dat egcentrik in his life dat 'bout de on'y place he'm lible ter sing Home, Sweet Home in, an de county jail, would dat tu'n yo' fom de puff er matrimony?

Reckon not, parson.

But see yer, Creamertarter—with almost sensational emphasis—am yo' 'formed er Parshashus habin' a wife an' fo' chillens down in Pensycoly? Eh? Tell me dat!

I never hearn dat, parson, was the reply, with jus a shadow of perturbation—but ef his family zerts in dat away haint it mo de duty of er Krischin ter soove de po sufer?

Mebbe yo' right, Creamertarter, said the master of ceremonies, with a somewhat dubious shake of the head, mebbe yo' right, but lemme ax you dis: Does yo' know dat Parshashus haint very screwblous bout whose henroos he picks his poultry from?

I does, parson, came with no little promptness, but I aller loved dat I ebber tuk a husban I'd keep um eye open to a good perwider.

With just the least show of disgust the parson continued: An notstandin de foid, bein soon in min and knowin de certantis ef life, yo takes Parshashus ter be yo' loful podner, fo better an wusser, share and share like, till deff parts one or de udder ob yer?

Dems my sentemens, parson, was the answer.

Den, said the parson, as he interlocked their hands and drew back to avoid the shock of the kiss he saw them preparing for, den, said he, I pernoounce yer man and wife, an I say, after all de chances Ise gub yer, dat yo am two er de biggest fools dat de plow er my sperience has ebber turned out defurrers ob human natur.—Wade Whipple, in Tid Bits.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night;"

is the exclamation, in thought, of many a man who has suffered through a long life, from some distressing disease, that he might have cured with a few bottles of medicine like Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which cures all blood and skin diseases, as well as consumption or scrofula of the lungs.

If he were "a child again," he would know enough to have a bottle of the Discovery "to-night," and in old age would not implore Father Time to "fly backward" for his special benefit.

Hence, "Be wise to-day," 'tis madness to defer." Get a bottle of the nearest druggist.

Lovers are the best authorities on siphology.—[Lowell Citizen.

BILL ARP.

Talks About Old Times In the South.

Atlanta Constitution.

What a glorious picture Mr. Lamar gave us of the old southern planter's home. "The sweet and noble associations; the pure refining and elevating atmosphere; the abode of domestic joys and duties; the hospitality heartfelt, simply and generous." I wonder if he was not hinting at Professor Tillett's article in the Century when he said:

"The Southern planter was far from being the self-indulgent, indolent, overbearing person that he has sometimes been pictured. He was in general, careful, patient, provident, industrious, forbearing, and yet firm and determined. These were the qualities that enabled him to take a race of savages and make them the finest body of agricultural and domestic laborers the world has ever seen, and to elevate them in the scale of national existence. In his daily and yearly provision for these dependents for whom he felt responsible and about whom his anxieties were ever alive he was himself educated in those faculties which enabled him to emerge from his solitude and preside in his county court or become a member of the legislature or take his place in the national councils and hence it was that the southern planter was so well fitted to discharge the duties of local magistracy, to guide legislatures and command armies."

Then Mr. Lamar in confirmation of his utterances cites many of the noblest Americans who were reared upon the old plantations.

We of the old South are comforted at this great speech made at the unveiling of Mr. Calhoun's monument.

It comes as authority. It comes from the cabinet, and ex cathedra and is like a decision of the supreme court, it settles the question. I hope now that these juveniles who knew nothing of the old patriarchal system will hold their peace. Why that article in the Century gives the new south the credit of getting fine stock in the country, when the truth is Kentucky had more fine stock before the war than any northern state, and as for hogs we never heard of a train load of bacon coming to Georgia from the West. There were more fine, fat hogs raised in Walker county than in any twenty counties now, and I can prove that by Joe Wardlaw. We didn't raise as much cotton because there was not so many laborers, but we did raise as much to the mule and we raised more of everything else.

There is no more advance in material and industrial progress except in that general progression which new machinery, new arts and new inventions have brought everywhere.

When Mr. Lamar spoke of the southern planters penetrating the dense forests of the west, the tangled brake and gloomy wilderness and subduing them, I was reminded of a journey I made through Mississippi just forty years ago. I rode forty miles one day and passed but a single farm. That night I crossed the Chickasaw river and stayed with a Mr. Calhoun, a cousin of the great statesman. He had over a hundred slaves and they had cleared the rich river bottoms and the cribs were full of corn, and fat hogs were grunting around and cows and horses and mules abounded and the negroes were sleek and greasy and we eat supper by the light of a thousand dollar candlestick, for it was a good looking darky holding a torch. This was the life of a pioneer, one of the men that Mr. Lamar tells about, and who never would have left the more pleasant abodes of civilization except for the care and responsibility that his dependent slaves imposed upon him. He wanted more land and better land. The world needed the cotton and it was manifest destiny that they should raise it. And we raised hog and hominy too, but we don't now, we buy it.

Another Editor's Testimony.

Ringworm has broken out on me every summer for four years. Three years ago a large sore formed on the back of my neck that became the size of a silver dollar. It finally spread all around my nose and would not dry up. Last summer I took several bottles of S. S. S., which soon permanently dried up the sore, and I have had no eruption since.

CHAS. H. PRATT.

PALATKA, FLA., Jan. 20, 1887.

From the Lady of the House.

For over ten years I had dyspepsia. I tried every known kind of medicine and every first-class physician I could get, near; all failed. A few months ago my husband, who had been cured of a twenty years' case of the same disease, S. S. S., began to treat me with it. After I had taken five bottles I felt like a new woman. The dyspepsia was gone, and all feeling of lassitude had disappeared, and I feel built up anew. Your medicine is a household remedy in my family, and I would not be without it for more than it costs. It would be hard to tell which has the most faith in it, me or my husband; but we both regard it the greatest of all medicines.

MRS. B. F. LIGHTFOOT.

FORT GAINES, GA., Dec. 8, 1886.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Love is a queer disease. Maybe that is why so many young people like to investigate it.—[Somerville Journal.

It generally happens that insane men at large have good guns and know how to use them.—[New Orleans Picayune.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Every one who took part in the stirring campaigns of our late war—who has witnessed the bloody scenes on the battle-fields and mingled with surviving comrades around the camp-fire will appreciate this little song selected from Charles Lever's story of Charles O'Malley, The Irish Dragon:

"When the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight Have ceased with the closing day, How happy, around the water-fire's light, To chat the long hours away, To chat the long hours away, my boy, And talk of the days to come; Or a better still, and a purer joy, To think of our far-off home."

"How many a cheek will then grow pale, That never felt a tear! And many a stalwart heart will quail, That never quailed in fear! And the broadest that, like some mighty rock Amid the foaming sea, Bore high against the battle's shock, Now heaves like infancy."

"And those who knew each other not, Their hands together steal; Each thinks of some long-hallowed spot, Such holy thoughts to all are given; The lowliest has his part! The love of home, like love of heaven, Is woven in our heart."

Solving the Mystery.

The "range" or "snow-fed" beef of Colorado has the reputation of being rather tough at certain seasons. A new-comer in that country was greatly puzzled at first by this strange peculiarity of the beef.

His mind was enlightened, to his own satisfaction, when he took the brand for the date of the creature's birth. He was a tender foot, and was riding out with a friend, when they chanced to come upon a bunch of cattle.

The young man's attention seemed to be attracted, and as the idea dawned upon him he faced his companion, and pointing to an animal which bore the brand, "B. C. 45," savagely exclaimed, "Look there! How can you expect those antediluvians to be anything but tough? Why don't you kill your cattle before they get two or three times as old as Methuselah?"

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

"Some people," says Henry Watson, "estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of the editor by the amount it contains of original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow on in a week, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to tie them together like a bunch of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meagre and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know is half the battle."

Not Sarah.

Detroit Free Press: A messenger boy who came up Lafayette avenue the other day found a young man waiting for him at Shelby street, and when the boy halted he was anxiously asked:

"Well, did you deliver the basket of flowers?"

"Of course?"

"Did she smile?"

"Not a bit."

"She didn't? She must have seen the card."

"Oh, yes, she read that the first thing, and then she called the cook into the hall and told her to heave the basket into the back yard."

"Great Scott! But could that have been my Sarah?"

"Oh, no, sir. It was your Sarah's mother."

Health Marks.

A bright eye, clear skin, glowing features, animated expression, and a quick, firm step. These are all secured by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

Forgot the Horse.

Dakota Bell: "Did you catch him?" inquired a Western Dakota woman of her husband, as he returned from going with the vigilantes after a man who had stolen a horse from him.

"You bet we did!"

"But where's the horse he stole?"

"Well, I swear—I'll be doggoned ef we didn't forget to fetch it back with us! But, great guns, you order seed the way the feller swung and kicked! I wish the children had been along to see it."

A Cruel Old Man.

Puck: Young man (to sexton at church door)—Isn't the sermon nearly done?"

Sexton—About an hour yet; he is only on his "Lastly."

Young man—Will it take him an hour to get through his "Lastly?"

Sexton—No; but there's "One word more and I'm done," and the "Finally," and the "In conclusion" to come yet. Don't be impatient, young man. Your girl won't spoil.

Gallatin Tennessean: The Chattanooga Mirror wisely suggests that the Tennessee Democrats start a daily at Nashville. It is important that the Democratic party have a representative newspaper at the capitol city. Colyar having scooped the American the Democracy has no paper at Nashville to advocate its claims, but the grand old American has been turned into an advocate of protection and hence a steppingstone for the ascending of the Republican party in Tennessee. There are a great many Democrats in Tennessee who are ready and willing to spend their money for the good of the party and therefore we think it would be an easy matter to raise sufficient money to establish a big newspaper in Nashville. One thing is sure and that is the Democracy of the State would come to its support as soon as it make its appearance. The Tennessean as a representative of the old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democracy promises that the Democracy of Old Sumner would give a Democratic Organ at Nashville a liberal support.

A Philadelphia Saloon-Keeper Has a Draft.

A saloon-keeper named Terrence J. Lynch, at the S. E. cor. of 11th and Locust Sts., some weeks ago was asked to take a ticket in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery and was knocked aback by the information that ticket No. 15,776, of which he held one-tenth had drawn the Capital Prize of \$150,000. His draft for the money was placed in the hands of the Third National Bank of Philadelphia, and was promptly paid. This is the third Capital Prize of \$150,000, fractions of which have been paid within the past three months in Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Telegraph, May 25.

A correspondent makes an anxious inquiry of the Atlanta Constitution. He says: "It is a common thing in some parts of the city to see men walking in the direction of certain localities known as 'down in the hollow.' Although though they start out in apparently vigorous health it has been observed that when they returned they walked with tottering steps and with a manifest tendency to occupy both sides of the street at once. Sometimes they feel so unwell that they have to sit down on the side walk and go to sleep. Some of the symptoms are malarial. Is it possible that the malarial on some of our back streets is so powerful that it seizes strong men in their grip and suddenly overcomes them? The matter should be looked into."

Discussing Mr. Sherman's tirade against the Democratic party, the St. Louis Republican says:

For six years the Republican party has had control of the Senate, with Senator Sherman to help it, and has failed to pass a bill to reduce the surplus. That surplus is the product of Republican revenue legislation. Not a single revenue law enacted by the Republicans has been changed, for the reason that Democrats could not change it. They have had control of only one House of Congress, while their opponents have had control of the other. Senator Sherman is held to be the chief authority in his party on matters of finance and revenue, but, although he has been in the Senate for the last six years with a party majority behind him and for a portion of the time with a Republican President in the White House, he has done nothing whatever to relieve the country of the excessive taxation imposed under the regime of his party.

Trouble Ahead.

When the appetite fails, and sleep grows restless and unrefreshing, there is trouble ahead. The digestive organs, when healthy, crave food, the nervous system, when vigorous and tranquil, gives its possessor no uneasiness at night. A tonic, to be effective, should not be a mere appetizer, nor are the nerves to be strengthened and soothed by the unaided action of a sedative or a narcotic. What is required is a medicine with invigorates the stomach, and promotes assimilation of food by the system, by which means the nervous system, as well as other parts of the physical organism, are strengthened. These are the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine whose reputation is founded firmly in public confidence, and which physicians commend for its tonic, anti-bilious and other properties. It is used with the best results in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and uterine weakness, and other maladies. June 4, 1887.

N. Y. Star: John Sherman's tariff allusions are most unfortunate for his own reputation as a financier and Senator. He claims that, with the exception of the sugar duty, tariff taxes are laid on articles of luxury, \$34,000,000, and articles of necessity other than sugar \$102,000,000. Mr. Sherman's loose talk has only served to call attention to the fact that four-fifths of our duties are collected on the necessities of life.

Worked Hard for His Money.

New York Sun: "It's \$100 in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree."

Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after awhile. All the rest went in for acquittal."

The bigger the parrot the more stylish its bearer. The parrot of today needs an athlete to carry it. They should match the toilet, even if to do so they must be made out of Scotch tweed.